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FRANCIS HENRY MARLING

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT MONTREAL,
TORONTO, AND NEW YORK

1825-1901



NEW YORK

1901

373

NOTE.

This Memorial has been compiled with the belief that many members of the wide circle of relatives and friends to which the late Rev. Dr. Francis H. Marling belonged, who were unable to attend the services at his funeral, would be grateful for the opportunity of reading the fitting words spoken on that occasion.

To this record there have been added several memorial resolutions adopted by churches which he served during his ministerial career, and by various associations of which he was a member, and a number of tributes to his memory by close personal friends. In compliance with the earnest request of friends, a sermon on "Prayer" which he preached shortly before his death has also been included.

Dr. Marling died suddenly at Port Chester, N. Y., on his way to the Presbyterian Church, where he was to deliver a sermon on the life of Queen Victoria, on Sunday morning, February 3, 1901.

A private family service was held at his late residence, the Hotel San Remo, on Tuesday evening, February 5th, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. Balcom Shaw. The public service was held in the Brick Church on February 6th at ten o'clock. The Rev. Dr. J. Balcom Shaw, of the West End Presbyterian Church, read the Scriptures; the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of the University Place Church, made the address; the Rev. Dr. M. D. Babcock, of the Brick Church, offered prayer, and the benediction was

pronounced by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Atterbury, of the New York Sabbath Committee. The interment was in Woodlawn Cemetery.

An informal memorial service was held by the Chi Alpha Ministerial Association at its meeting Saturday evening, February 9th, and a public memorial service was held at the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Marling was once pastor, on Wednesday evening, February 13th.

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SELECTION.

No tender, sad farewell
From his quivering lips was heard ;
So softly he crossed, that the quiet stream
Was not by a ripple stirred.
He was spared all parting tears ;
He was spared all mortal strife ;
'Twas scarcely dying ; he only passed
In a moment to endless life.

So low was the Master's call,
That it had not reached our ear ;
But he caught the sound, and his swift response
Was full of joy—not fear.
His friends were many, and fair
Were the blessings that strew'd life's way ;
Yet, oh ! to depart and be with Christ
Was better than here to stay.

Weep not for his swift release
From earthly pain and care ;
Nor grieve that he reached his home and rest,
Ere he knew that he was there.
But think of the sweet surprise,
The solemn and strange delight
He felt as he saw his Saviour's smile,
And walked with Him robed in white.

Weep not ! for his toils are o'er,
And thy race may as soon be run ;
Then with sandall'd feet, and staff in hand,
Let thy work for thy Lord be done.
And then when the message arrives,
Sudden it may be, or slow,
" The Master is come, and calleth for thee ! "
With joy thou wilt rise and go.

—*Anon.*

FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE BRICK CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1901, 10 A.M.

SINGING.

CHOIR.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the West,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of glory passes on His way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
" Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! "

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

REV. JOHN BALCOM SHAW, D.D.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul ; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Behold, I shew you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?

The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse ; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and his servants shall serve him.

And they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light ; and they shall reign forever and ever.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

What shall we then say to these things ? If God be for us, who can be against us ?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things ?

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

“ Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

ADDRESS.

REV. GEORGE ALEXANDER, D.D.

I am sure, dear friends, that these Scriptures, so expressive of Christian confidence and immortal hope, voice the feeling that is dominant in all our hearts. We are impressed, it is true, deeply impressed, with the solemnity of the event that brings us together. The unlooked-for startles us. When the hand that we clasped but yesterday is still, when the voice whose accents are still echoing in our ears is forever hushed, the words of our divine Master come to us with special meaning, "Be ye also ready." "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately."

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
'I am nearer my Father's house to-day
Than I've ever been before.'"

But we do not forget that our Master also said, "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch and find them so, blessed are those servants."

We should deny our faith even to call this a place of mourning. Even those who are feeling the pang of the fatherless, do not ask us to condole

with them. Already they are comforted in finding that the consolations of God are not small, and with this wider circle of friends and ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, they can join in thanksgiving to the Father of mercies that He permitted His dear servant for threescore and fifteen years to serve his generation according to the will of God, and then ushered him, without the pain of parting, without a taste of the bitterness of death, into the glorious company of those who served Him day and night in His temple.

We are not here for lamentation, but to put ourselves for a few moments under the spell of this finished life and ask grace from our Father in heaven that we may be followers of those who, through meekness and patience, inherit the promises.

It is no common thing for one who has lived past the meridian of life under alien skies to come to the bustle and tumult of this great city and make for himself so large and so unique a place as Dr. Marling has filled for a quarter of a century. Only solid and enduring qualities can win such respect and love as were freely accorded to him. When he came, he brought with him the results of a wide and varied experience. His learning and culture were of no mean order. In him we recognized a certain solidity of judgment, an evenness of temper, a poise of self-command, which are the legitimate product of a disciplined nature and well-ordered life. This made him a wise counsellor, straightforward, and yet tactful in all his dealings with his fellow men. He was a student and a toiler to the last. What his hand found to do he did with his

might, never seeking promotion, always ready to serve. But the secret of his power lay deeper than this. He had a large, loving heart, in which the love of God was richly shed abroad. How brotherly he was! How benign! How sympathetic! How helpful! How full of the milk of human kindness! He was a gentleman; face and voice and bearing all expressive of that combination of strength and tenderness which is the peculiar heritage of those who have long schooled themselves to support the weak, to be patient toward all men. That is the essence of the Master's spirit. O that we ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ might have more of it, for it is the spirit of the Great Shepherd who goes out after that which is lost until He finds it, and who lays down His life for the sheep. One who has this spirit in so large a measure as Dr. Marling, never leaves the pastorate. When he realized that the time had come for him to deliver over to younger hands the care of the flock to which he had ministered so long and well in Fourteenth Street, he simply entered upon a ministry at large, which has been the joy and the comfort of his declining years. How many of his brethren in the ministry he has helped, by taking up the cares which they for the time being were required to lay down. To how many churches has he gone in their needs, in their perplexities, in their strifes, composing difficulties, breathing the spirit of peace, and leaving behind him the feeling that he was a veritable son of consolation, a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He was planted in the house of the Lord; he flourished in the courts of our God; he

brought forth fruit in old age. This is not the time or place to speak of what he was to those men of letters and men of religion whom he served so faithfully and so well. From a tender meeting of Christian brothers he went to fulfil his appointment to preach the word as illustrated in the life of the good Queen, who claimed the fealty of his early days, and as he walked toward the House of God, the Master spoke to him, and lo, his feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Surely it is a departure to be coveted. Death never comes untimely to the man who is fit to die.

SELECTION.

REV. M. D. BABCOCK, D.D.

“Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’

“His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’

“And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And 'round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, ‘Not a tear shall o'er him fall—
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

PRAYER.

REV. M. D. BABCOCK, D.D.

“O Father of Life! Father of Love! We come into Thy presence to reassure ourselves that Thou art ours and we are Thine forever and forever. O Thou from whom all the families of earth inherit their love and get their name, Thou whose love gave birth to our love through the dear word ‘Father,’ and all it has meant to us here on earth. We lift our hearts to Thee, our Father who art in Heaven, and thank Thee that Thou art Thyself and we are ourselves, and that we are related to Thee as children to father. We thank Thee for this little life, this lovely beginning of eternity which is to continue on into the unceasing ages. We thank Thee for those of us who have had fathers in the flesh, who took Thy place in the years when we were beginning to live and to love, and who were in Thy very place to us, and whom so long as they dwelt in this mortal body, Thou didst bless with Thy own life in the flesh. We thank Thee for the incarnation; we thank Thee for its perpetuity; we thank Thee that Thou who didst in sundry times and divers manners speak unto Thy people, hast in the fullness of time spoken unto us by Thy Son Jesus Christ, and dost continue to speak to us by those who embody Thy spirit, and with their hands do Thy work and with their feet go Thy errands, and with Thy heart still suffer and sympathize. For what this life means to those who loved him the most and knew

him the best, we thank Thee; for a heritage that they have counted priceless, for the memories that they never can lose, for the hopes that are brighter than day. We pray Thee that upon these sons, and upon the dearest, not here, the spirit of this man may come increasingly, that they may go about living the life of Christ, doing the work of Christ, and trying to love the world and those about them all the more because of the infinite persuasion and sweetness of this life. We are glad that we knew him here, and that we shall know him more intimately, more truly in the life which is to come. We pray that his spirit of gentleness, of grace, of sympathy, of tenderness, of humility, of self-abnegation and self-devotion may come upon us, that we may, in our day and generation, try to live the kind of a life that he lived and make the world sweeter and purer, because we have breathed this air for a little while and walked its ways and done its work. We thank Thee for the dearness of this body, and that Thou dost give to every soul its own body, and since this traveller has struck his tent and gone home; since this workman has left these worn-out tools and gone home, we pray Thee that we may rejoice to know that the workman will have new tools and that the traveller will have his house made, not with hands, eternal in the heavens, like unto the glorious body of his glorious Lord, and that we shall know him when we meet. And we pray Thee that each of us who bears Thy name may not be too careful, may not be afraid of getting tired and wearing out his body, since he knows that there will be a new body

that cannot wear out for all who are Thy faithful workmen. For the church that this man loved and which he so faithfully served, we pray that it may love the world and serve the world more zealously. For all the dear ones who loved him, we pray Thee that they may be strong to-day to glorify Thee in a Christian way, and to-morrow, and in days that will be even harder than to-day, and when this body is laid away in the arms of mother earth, may the thought of of us all be the consciousness and hope of the reunion—in the happy land which is not far, far away. May all churches that knew this man's life, not only reverence his memory, but emulate his loving service. May the silent prayer—the prayer which cannot be put into words, the prayer which we all breathe—of thanksgiving, of loving intercession, of personal petition, be heard in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place. Take away from us all the fear of death, and with glad and happy unconcern may we go about Thy business, and when the day comes when we shall be called to pass through the swinging open door and when for us the sunset gun sounds out and our colors come down, may we have an abundant entrance and a good welcome by those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, to be together and forever with the Lord. In the name of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, Amen.”

ANNOUNCEMENT OF HYMN.

REV. M. D. BABCOCK, D.D.

“Let us sing together hymn No. 840, ‘At evening time let there be light.’ The last stanza of the hymn was one that Dr. Marling loved, and when singing this hymn at home he would always call attention to it and rejoice in it, and I know that our hearts will be glad as we sing this third verse, especially, together.”

- “At evening time let there be light ;
Life's little day draws near its close ;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose ;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.
- “At evening time let there be light ;
Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
Dews, birds, and flowers cheered all the way ;
O for one sweet, one parting ray !
At evening time let there be light.
- “At evening time there shall be light ;
For God hath said—‘So let it be !’
Fear, doubt and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me ;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see ;
’Tis evening time, and there is light.”
-

BENEDICTION.

REV. W. W. ATTERBURY, D.D.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE PRESBYTERY OF NEW YORK.

The committee appointed by Presbytery to prepare and present a minute concerning the death of the Rev. Francis H. Marling, D.D., respectfully report as follows :

Francis Henry Marling, son of John F. and Elizabeth Marling, was born December 18, 1825, at Ebley Court, Stroud, Gloucestershire, England, and was baptized in Rodborough Church. At nine years of age he went to boarding-school at Devizes, Wiltshire, where he was thoroughly grounded in Latin and Greek as well as in history, mathematics, and French. Later he was a private pupil under the instruction of Rev. Benjamin Parsons of Ebley Chapel.

In 1842 he left England with his parents, who settled in Toronto, Canada. He completed his academic education in the University of Toronto, and subsequently took a four years' course in theology at the Congregational College of British North America, then located at Toronto, but since removed to Montreal. In the latter institution he was a classmate of Dr. Cunningham Geikie.

In June, 1849, he was called to be the pastor of Gosford Street Congregational Church, Montreal, and ordained November 7th, of the same year. In October, 1854, he was called to the pastorate of the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, and continued in that relation until December, 1875, when he accepted a call

to the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York, where he served with great fidelity and acceptance for twelve years. In June, 1887, he was called to Emmanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, but after two years of service there resumed his residence in New York and his connection with this Presbytery, but without pastoral charge. For three years, from 1892 to 1895, he served as secretary of the Church Extension Committee of Presbytery, and labored diligently to advance the interests of the churches subject to the oversight of that committee. He was frequently invited to take the place of pastors disabled or absent or to serve vacant churches, and in this ministry-at-large found great satisfaction and reward.

Sabbath morning, February 3, 1901, while on his way to the First Presbyterian Church of Port Chester, New York, where he was to preach a sermon on "Lessons from the Life of Queen Victoria," he was stricken on the street with heart disease, and in a moment went to meet his Lord.

Dr. Marling was married at Quebec, October 19, 1854, to Marina Catherine Macdonald, daughter of surgeon Peter John Macdonald of the British Army. After a long and lingering illness she was taken from him April 8, 1885, leaving four children, who still survive; one daughter, Mrs. Henry E. Crampton, and three sons, Messrs. Frank H. O. Marling, Alfred E. Marling, and Charles E. Marling.

This brief sketch leaves unmentioned the traits of character and the acts of service which endeared Fran-

cis Marling to his brethren and now cause them to revere his memory. He was a well-rounded and self-poised man. He had a well-furnished mind enriched by wide and varied culture. His perceptions were keen and discriminating, and his reasoning singularly lucid and free from bias. As a presbyter he was scrupulously faithful, and the discharge of his duties in that relation was marked by sweet reasonableness and serenity of temper. His feelings were ardent and his will resolute, but both were disciplined and brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Strength and gentleness, firmness and benignity, were the qualities most evident in his face and manner and life. He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, prudent in counsel, gracious and brotherly, illustrating in his daily life the meekness of wisdom and the wisdom of meekness. A lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, he found supreme delight in feeding the flock of God and ministering as of the ability which God giveth. He cultivated that heavenly mindedness which makes heaven real and brings heaven near. He walked with God and was not for God took him.

CHAS. A. STODDARD,
GEORGE ALEXANDER.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE CHI ALPHA MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

Your committee appointed at the meeting of February 9th to prepare a memorial minute with reference to our brother, Francis Henry Marling, would report as follows:

Francis Henry Marling, son of John F. and Elizabeth Marling, was born December 18, 1825, at Ebley Court, Stroud, Gloucester, England, and baptized in Rodborough Church. He attended school at Devizes, Wiltshire, and later was a private pupil of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons of Ebley Chapel. He was early well grounded in Latin, Greek, mathematics, French, and History.

In 1842, when sixteen years of age, he came with his parents to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and there continued his studies at the University of Toronto. He pursued his theological studies at the Congregational College of British North America at Toronto (now removed to Montreal) and was graduated in 1848.

He was ordained November 7, 1849, and installed as pastor of the Gosford Street Congregational Church in Montreal. Five years later, in 1854, he assumed the pastorate of the Bond Street Congregational Church in Toronto, where he remained until in 1875, when he was called to the pastorate of the Fourteenth Street Church in this city (New York). He continued in

this charge for twelve years until June, 1887. During the succeeding two years he was pastor of the Emmanuel Congregational Church in Montreal, but in June, 1889, returned to this city, which henceforth was his home. Though relinquishing the pastorate he did not retire from active service, but was engaged almost uninterruptedly in supplying vacant pulpits and rendering aid to his ministerial brethren. He will be long remembered by congregations in this city and the neighborhood, where from time to time, during the prolonged absence of the pastor, he most efficiently filled the vacant place.

He received, several years ago, the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of the City of New York.

His death occurred suddenly and unexpectedly on Sunday morning February 3d (1901). He had engaged to preach at the Presbyterian Church of Port Chester a sermon upon "Lessons from the Life of the Queen," but on his way to the service, while walking with his friend, the Rev. Irving E. White, pastor of the church, he was suddenly, without an instant's warning, called to his reward.

Dr. Marling was married at Quebec, October 19, 1854, to Marina Catherine Macdonald, a daughter of surgeon Peter John Macdonald of the British army.

His children were four in number, all of whom are still living: Mrs. Henry E. Crampton, Frank Henry Overton, Alfred Erskine, and Charles Edward. Mrs. Marling died in 1885.

These are the brief and simple annals of his career

as they might appear in a biographical record, but they tell little of a life that in its highest significance was of surpassing worth and richness. To be a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ for more than fifty years, forty of them in the active pastorate, is, in any event, a life the worth of which it is hard to over-estimate, but when service so uninterrupted and prolonged is rendered by a man like Francis Henry Marling, we may well rejoice in the possibilities of fruitfulness and benefaction that glorify the quiet, uneventful life of a Christian pastor.

His natural gifts, both physical and mental, were such as specially fitted him for his chosen work. An attractive and winning presence was in the pulpit rendered still more impressive by a voice of singular sweetness and power, which needed no art of the elocutionist to reach and thrill the most distant hearer. To these natural graces were added a thoroughly trained mind, a wide study and a remarkable capacity for clear and telling expression.

While not aspiring to the doubtful reputation of a brilliant rhetorician, he was a most interesting, instructive, and forceful preacher. This is sufficiently evinced by the unfailing respect and admiration of the people of three widely dissimilar parishes, and perhaps still more by the constant request in which his services in the pulpit were held in later days, when, having retired from the pastorate and passed the traditional limit of threescore years and ten, he might well have expected exemption from active service.

Perhaps still more emphatically was he a pastor.

The late Dr. Adams, speaking at the funeral of a brother clergyman, once remarked that a minister is the one man who himself has no pastor; and most of us can appreciate the force of these words; but all the more we can picture to ourselves what it must have been to a weary invalid, or to one bowed in affliction, or to a stricken but repenting soul, to have such a pastor as our brother Marling must have been. What eye could be more tender than his? Whose voice more sympathetic? What hand clasp more reassuring and sustaining, as he entered himself in the spirit of his Master into the sorrow, the anxiety, the perplexity of the burdened soul?

What shall we say of his fellowship with his brethren? Imagination does not need to lend its aid when we recall him as a faithful co-presbyter, a wise man of affairs, an active fellow worker in church extension and city evangelization, an incomparable executive officer, a judicious counsellor and a loving brother.

Of this circle he was an honored and beloved member for more than twenty-five years, for the last eleven years, a period exceeding that of any predecessor, serving as its secretary. His handwriting, distinct and characteristic upon our minutes, will recall in after years the memory of one of the most faithful, exact and punctual of officers, whose record of regular attendance each year far exceeded that of any other member.

His yearly reports, usually in verse, illustrated the lighter aspects of his mind, while his contributions to the discussions of the circle were invariably wise and

suggestive. During these years of intimate association we have not known which most to admire, the fraternal, sympathetic affection with which he shared every interest of his brethren, or the fineness of his moral and mental fibre, which made it impossible for him to say or do the wrong thing, or by the slightest infelicity of word or manner to jar the feelings even of the most hypersensitive. His friendship, which once given was never withdrawn, was something in which to rejoice and rest.

From such roots, sweet and tender as they were strong, grew an influence which, though quiet and unobtrusive, was potent and inspiring in the ever-widening circle of brethren by whom he was known and loved.

Need it be added that there was in him something which transcended the reach, however wide, of mere natural graces?

No one could be with him without recognizing that in its every fibre his life was a consecrated one. Of him it could be truly said, as once of Stephen: "He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." The things that above all possessed his heart were those that are unseen and eternal, and thus, while entering with the zest of unfading youth into all the joys and recreations of this present time, he still lived ever as under the power of an endless life. His face, too, like Stephen's before the council, seemed in these later days serene as with a light from heaven, and the radiance from the illuminated window, which we are told hovered around his head as, at his last public service, he

pronounced the benediction, was but emblematic of the coming glory.

And now that the shock of his sudden departure is over, we may well ask what more or better could be wished for such a man and such a minister of the Gospel than that he should remain strong and well, ready and eager for service up to the very last hour of his life, and then in the twinkling of an eye find himself among the saints of all ages, and with his own loved ones in the presence of the King in His Glory? Truly he walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Here in Chi Alpha his memory will be very sweet and precious, and as we add his name to the ever-lengthening roll of comrades who, after having served their own generation, by the will of God have fallen on sleep, we thank God that it was our privilege to have known and loved Francis Henry Marling.

ERSKINE N. WHITE,
GEORGE ALEXANDER,
Committee.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE QUILL CLUB
OF NEW YORK BY REV. CHARLES
L. THOMPSON, D.D.

READ BEFORE THE CLUB, FEBRUARY 19, 1901.

Francis Henry Marling, son of John F. and Elizabeth Marling, was born December 18, 1825, at Ebley Court, Stroud, Gloucester, England, and baptized in Rodborough Church. He attended school at Devizes, Wiltshire, and later was a private pupil of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley Chapel. He was early well grounded in Latin, Greek, mathematics, French, and history.

The family moved to Toronto, Canada, in 1842, when Francis was sixteen years of age. He pursued his studies at the University of Toronto. His theological course was taken at the Congregational College of British North America at Toronto, where he was graduated in 1848. On November 7, 1849, he was ordained to the ministry of the Gospel and immediately installed as pastor of the Gosford Street Church in Montreal. In 1854 he assumed the pastorate of the Bond Street Congregational Church in Toronto, where he remained until 1875, when he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fourteenth Street Church in New York City. After twelve years of happy and fruitful pastoral work he resigned in June, 1887. During the following two years he served as pastor of the Emmanuel Congregational Church in Montreal. In June, 1889, he returned to this city, which was his home until the day of his

death. After retiring from the pastorate he continued his ministerial work in various ways, being always ready to help his brethren as opportunity offered. He was a most valued and efficient member of the Presbytery of New York, where his wise counsels were often sought. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of the City of New York.

On Saturday evening, February 2d, he was present at a ministerial circle, where he served, as he had for many years, as secretary of the meeting. He left the circle earlier than usual, saying, as he arose to go, that he had an engagement to preach at Port Chester the following morning and that railroads were no respecters of persons. This was his good-night to a circle that had loved and trusted him for many years. On the morning of February 3d, on his way to church, he was suddenly called to his reward.

That soul is greatest which is most harmonious. Even as a perfect landscape defies analysis so does a rounded manhood. Of the mountain we say, it is sublime, as it pierces the clouds and suns its forehead in the unshaded light. Of a great river whose shining blade has carved the mountains we say—there is majestic power, that in unhesitating self-command swings on to the sea. A Niagara of waters hushes to silence under its solitary thunders. We face its shining front with awe.

But the most restful scene in nature is that in which the various elements of nature blend in such quiet harmony that only the combined effect remains. There is no sense of hill or plain or river. To analyze—were

to destroy. The soul is conscious only of the rounded expression of the thought of God in a completed vision of nature. And when we choose a dwelling-place, if we are wise, such natural company will we seek. We will not wisely build at the Matterhorn, to be thus overawed—nor by some cataract with its insistent voice. But rather in the unnoticed harmony of a perfect landscape, where sky and field and water blend, where none are aggressive, but all are consenting and restful.

There are great men who overawe us by their specialties. They are mountain peaks—solitary and forbidding. They are Amazons—obtrusive and monopolizing. Who, that is intelligent of what makes the value of life, would put his cabin down beside Shakespeare or pitch his tent in the shadow of Homer. These are for occasions and for occasions they must be reserved.

We choose our homes rather among companionable natures whom God has rounded and softened into that gentleness which is finest greatness. So we loved the fellowship of Francis Marling. He never oppressed us. He never pushed us aside by his insistence. He never gored us with his personality. We could dwell beside him and be at rest. In his presence what was best in us came easily to expression. He had the winning faculty—the noblest of all faculties. He was well-informed. His mind had unusual breadth. But he never craved large room. His judgment was poised and true. But he never acted the judge. His voice was sweet and low—and so we listened to him. He

had no manners. Their absence marked the unconscious gentleman. His unselfishness drew our eyes to him as to a star of the first magnitude. He was among men as one that served. His devotion to his Master was unheralded—but conspicuous. Through three-score and fifteen years he walked the ways of gracious service and he walked with God. Then one Sabbath morn, on the way to church, he met his Lord. We looked about and lo! he was not. God had taken him. We looked again. The world was lonelier—yet brighter. The setting of a great life is like the setting of the sun—it leaves a softer radiance along familiar places, even as it kindles brighter lights above.

Henceforth to many people life will be truer and deeper and friendship a more sacred word and service a sweeter benediction and heaven a clearer reality, because among us walked and talked and lived and conquered—Francis Henry Marling.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low,

Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.

Oh, gentle sleeper from thy grave I go

Consoled—though sad—in hope and yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know the warfare scarce begun,

Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.

Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.

The victors' names are yet too few to fill

Heaven's mighty roll. The glorious armory

That ministered to thee is open still.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE QUILL CLUB.

Whereas, God Almighty, in infinite wisdom and love has taken from his work on earth our beloved brother and companion, Francis Henry Marling.

Therefore be it Resolved, First, That the Quill Club bows in resignation before the manifested will of God in removing from our circle a brother who was honored and beloved by us all. For five years he has served as the Secretary of this Club, during which period he was always at his post, always courteous, efficient, and helpful. We recall with gratitude his gentleness, his humility, his sound judgment, his unexcelled tact, his quiet humor, his simplicity of character and his earnest devotion to his fellows and his God.

We sorrow for our loss. We rejoice in his glorious gain. We will cherish his memory as a priceless heritage, and we thank God for the ongoing of that pure, sweet life in the lives of multitudes whom he has enriched.

Second, That we extend to the family of our brother our respectful and tender sympathy in their mighty grief, and our joy with them in their great consolations.

Third, That this minute and these resolutions be engrossed on the records and a copy be sent to the family of Dr. Marling.

A MEMORIAL BY REV. J. BALCOM SHAW,
D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE WEST END PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NEW YORK.

The death of our venerable and well-beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Francis H. Marling, comes to all the people of our church, I am sure, as a personal bereavement. As I said from the pulpit last Sunday morning, he was one of the noblest men that ever adorned the Christian ministry, and we may well be thankful that in the providence of God we were permitted to know him and come under his gracious influence.

Dr. Marling sustained a peculiarly close relationship to our church. He was Chairman of the Sunday-School Committee that originally projected the enterprise and opened the Sunday School in the temporary chapel at the corner of 104th Street and the Boulevard. After a short interim, during which he served as pastor of a church in Montreal, he resumed intimate relations with our work, attending many of the services, counseling and assisting us in the work of securing our plant, dropping in to prayer-meeting and speaking with much edification, and in various other ways manifesting his deep and hearty sympathy.

We turned naturally to him, therefore, when the church came to send its minister to the East last year, and his ministrations during my absence won for him completely the hearts of all our people. I believe that the spiritual life of our church is deeper and stronger

to-day because of the work of this holy man during the three months that he served it as the minister in charge.

Dr. Marling's life and character seem to me to teach some great lessons most forcefully :—

His personality was an exceptionally reposeful one, and must impress upon us, now that he is gone, the strength which attaches to serenity as to nothing else. He lived in the same tumultuous city with us all, and yet how calm his spirit ever seemed to be ! and how much greater the power which he wielded among us because it was such ! What was possible to him is surely attainable for us all. Let us seek to emulate his reposefulness, putting more and more out from our breasts the fret and fever of our present-day civilization, and letting in the steadfastness and tranquillity of Christ.

His kindness of heart was always most conspicuous. He was exceptionally brotherly with his fellow ministers, ever willing to lend them a helping hand in their work and abounding in sympathy toward them. A multitude whom he has blessed in this way now rise up to honor his memory and testify to his kindliness and helpfulness. Would that, while the spell of that life is still upon us, we might all set our feet upon the same path. Life is worth nothing except as it is given for the good of others. God save us from selfishness, and grant us increasingly the warmth of His own heart.

Has any one of us ever seen the power of goodness more fully proved than in the life of this good man ?

Wherever he went he attracted others to him, and threw around the lives of all he touched an irresistible influence. Men felt it a blessing to be in his company, and when he lifted his voice it was to call down upon them a chrism from heaven.

I think, however, that this man's biography teaches us the lesson of faithfulness more pointedly than any other. He was the very soul of method. It was my privilege to go into his little study just after he died, and I was amazed at the orderly condition in which everything had been left. If he had known that he was to be so suddenly translated, his affairs could not have been more carefully arranged,—every paper in its right place, detailed memoranda thoughtfully made out, and all entries brought up to the last day. He was the secretary of our Ministers' Club, Chi Alpha, and he had attended its meeting the night before his death. When his satchel was opened it was found that he had written up, that very evening before he retired, the minutes of the meeting. But this methodical habit, however, was only one way in which his faithfulness appeared. If he was assigned a duty by Presbytery, he fulfilled it with punctiliousness and diligence. He never did anything slovenly; wherever he spoke it was with thorough preparation; whenever he assumed a responsibility it was promptly and ably met. Oh, that our young men, who were charmed by his spirit during the months of his ministry in this church, would take knowledge of this trait of his character! There is nothing in which our generation is more lacking than in a deep, wholesome sense of responsibility. What

Dr. Marling was able to accomplish was due very largely to this quality. We, too, must possess it if we are to make any contribution of good, however small, to the world.

Thankful for having known this man of God, and setting our faces in the direction to which his life pointed us, may it be ours to join him at last in the Church Triumphant, and with him enter into the ever-deepening joy of the Lord !

FROM A MEMORIAL SERMON

DELIVERED BY REV. IRVING E. WHITE, PASTOR OF
THE PORT CHESTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
FEBRUARY 10, 1901.

Let me speak to you freely of our friend this morning. He is worthy of our consideration, and there is profit in studying his noble character.

God had done much for Dr. Marling along the channels of nature. He had a magnificent physique. The purest of blood flowed in his veins. He had an open and honest countenance; a kindly eye, and a rich, round voice that was well-nigh matchless. As to his body, Dr. Marling walked a prince among men. In every company he would attract attention, not merely because of his size, but because of his fine figure and princely bearing.

And what was true of him physically was equally true of him mentally.

He had a mind that was naturally strong and ro-

bust. He had clear perceptions and an accurate reason ; a calm judgment and a spirit especially free from bias and prejudice. So, too, of his will. It was efficient in executing that which his reason had concluded. It had not been undermined, or in any way weakened by heredity or dissipation. His conscience was quick and sensitive, his affection pure, strong, constant.

In any calling in life, doubtless, Dr. Marling could easily have achieved success. His honest face and hearty spirit were themselves the promise of fortunes. As a lawyer his calm judgment and clear reasoning power had gained many a suit ; and as a physician his very presence in the chamber of sickness had inspired hope and confidence.

But it pleased God to reveal His Son in him and to call him into the Christian ministry. In early life he had been a loyal subject of the noblest of Queens and in the flush of his young manhood he swore allegiance to the noblest of Kings, and He commissioned him to preach the everlasting gospel. All that universities could well do was done to refine, develop, and discipline the varied gifts of nature. Beauty was added to beauty, strength to strength, glory to glory. Nothing of good was lost, no talent hidden, no grace removed, but rather the personal traits and characteristics were rounded into a finer symmetry and energized with a nobler power. The last vestiges of selfishness, the bane of so much that is seemly and strong, were utterly removed and the obedient soldier of the cross knew no ambition but to preach Jesus and Him crucified.

Dr. Marling was a scholar of large and solid attainments. He was exceedingly well-informed. Though long out of the pastorate and having passed the three-score and ten years of Scripture, he ceased not to read and study. He was familiar with the most recent literature.

He was a thoroughly up-to-date man. There was no department of science or philosophy upon which he could not converse intelligently. By nature he was conservative. He respected the ancient landmarks, but realized, as well, that new wine must be put into new bottles. Conservatism with him was not fogyism. He honored the truth whencever it came. He had respect for the giants of the past, but his eyes were also sweeping the horizon before. In theology he was liberal without being radical. He was no iconoclast. Criticism with him was not destructive but constructive. He had a profound confidence in the headship of Jesus Christ over all things to His church. He believed with all his big heart that the Holy Spirit ever had been, and ever would be leading the church more and more into all truth. He had no fear for the Christian ark of the covenant. Its trembling was not its falling. To him all truth was one. All issued from one source, all conspired to one end, and eventually all would glorify its one Lord.

He easily distinguished between facts and theories; between Scripture and men's interpretation of Scripture. Facts to him were permanent, theories might come and go. Scripture would perpetually abide, though our interpretation of it might change many

times. The possession of the truth was his burning-desire. He would build on the rock and on the rock only.

His temperament was irenic. He loved and sought peace. He abhorred strife. It gave him intense pain when his brethren fell into contention. A darksome cloud always came upon his face as he conversed of the theological strife that has recently characterized our own communion. The coming of better days kindled him with keen delight.

As a preacher, how shall I describe him? You who have heard him need no description. I know not that he could be called a great preacher, but he was exceedingly helpful. He disallowed all appearance of sensationalism. He simply strove to present clearly, fully, forcibly, some fact or phrase of divine truth. His hope was in the matter rather than in the manner of discourse. The truth he felt must in due time win. And if he could not be classed as brilliant he was as far from being dull. His work in the pulpit averaged exceedingly high. If there were no splendid climaxes there were no painful collapses. Commonplace he never was. He filled every occasion and appointment to the brim. And he was as ready for a small service as a large one.

Three sermons I heard him deliver, I am sure I shall never forget. The first was on the theme "The Motherliness of God." His text was "As one whom his Mother Comforteth, so will I Comfort you," and as he proceeded you could almost see the infinite Jehovah brooding over and fondling the children of men.

The second was when a great dread had settled down upon and over our hearts and home. His text was the familiar one, "My Grace is Sufficient for Thee." And as he unfolded his thought one felt how grand and heroic it is to suffer for and with Christ. The third was to an evening congregation from the text "Now is the Accepted Time, Now is the Day of Salvation." And as he argued for immediate surrender to Jesus Christ the large audience hung spellbound on his lips, and so cogent was his argument, so strong was his appeal it seemed impossible that a single soul should leave the house of God unconverted.

It was characteristic of Dr. Marling that coming to speak to us last Sabbath he had prepared two new discourses for the occasion. He had hundreds of sermons that would have answered. But he lived not in the past. He was a man of to-day, and the old could not satisfy him. Something new must be prepared. In the fulness of his years his mind was unclouded, his vigor unwonted, his heart undaunted.

As a pastor he was well-nigh ideal. He always knew the right thing to say and the right way to say it. He had immense tact, he never hurt souls, enemies he never made. Friends he was constantly multiplying. With the young he was gleesome, with the middle-aged he was wise and practical, and with him the old took sweet counsel of the blessed things to come. He made no distinction of classes or conditions. He was at home in the cottage of the poor and in the palace of the rich, and he moved among strangers with the winsome familiarity of a warm friendship. Of

late years he has been called to minister to many different churches. Pastors when obliged to go away from home were eager to secure his oversight of their flocks. And amid them all he quickly made a large and warm place for himself.

The church served once, was glad to have him the second time. The house that entertained him once was ever after fully open to him. As he entered a home he had no need to speak the word of peace. His presence shed peace and joy quickly abroad.

But more than a preacher or a pastor, Dr. Marling was the man. His power and his glory was his well-rounded, full-orbed manhood. For years the Holy Spirit had wrought in him for perpetual betterment. Grace was added to grace, strength to strength, glory to glory. All that nature and the universities had done for him was taken of the Holy Ghost and polished and adorned unto the likeness of the Son of Man. As St. Paul said of himself, so Dr. Marling would say, "by the grace of God I am what I am." He was my friend and I loved him mightily. But eliminating all of the personal equation that I possibly can, it seems to me that of all the men I have ever known he was likest our Lord.

The memory of his last visit abides like a benediction within our home. O, the grace of it! O, the joy of it! The deep interest so kindly manifested in us and all our concerns, and his care for you all as a church. At breakfast that Sabbath morning he inquired particularly and by name after all the families which had entertained him two years since. In his

own sweet and helpful way he had led the family devotions. Then we took sweet counsel together concerning the services of God's house, after which he gave himself up to his morning study. When the hour for service was come, together we passed out of the house. We were in familiar conversation as we came down the street, when lo, swifter than speech, well-nigh as swift as thought, his feet stood within thy gates, O Jerusalem! With his armor on he died, Died, did I say? Like Enoch he walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Thinking to stand before men and to speak of his beloved Queen, he was translated to the presence of the King of kings, to see Him in His beauty, to be like to Him and to serve Him forever and forever.

FROM A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY REV. CHARLES P. FAGNANI, D.D., AT THE
FOURTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1901.

There are those whose lives "go down like suns, leaving upon the mountain-tops of death a light that makes them lovely."

It is in the light of such an after-glow that we think of the departure of our friend.

If I were to sum up in four words the characteristics which marked him out peculiarly, those words would be Dignity, Benignity, Wisdom, and Goodness.

The dignity was that of the Christian gentleman, unmarred by professional solemnity; a dignity consis-

tent with the utmost geniality and playful humor, and yet the unfailing mark that the life was lived on the highest plane where pure and kindly thoughts alone are tolerated; a dignity befitting one who respects himself and will not condescend to aught that is petty or contemptible. But it is only a false dignity that is not associated with benignity. There was about him a kindliness that made the dignity winsome. He was a man toward whom one felt drawn, to whom secrets and sorrows and difficulties could be confided without hesitancy; and that not merely because we felt him to be sympathetic, but because we knew him to be wise. His was a rare wisdom, so sensible, so just, so considerate, so rational. Hence it was always in request in manifold relations, and his counsel carried unusual weight, for none could fail to be impressed with the judicious impartiality and common-sense of his suggestions. Last and most fundamental of all was the goodness of his character.

He was a holy man, one who walked with God and endured as seeing Him who is invisible. He had fought with our common human temptations and had planted his feet upon them. So he was at peace, and could be a peace-maker, pointing out to others the Way of Peace because he himself could testify that it was good.

Surely Francis H. Marling was a noble man, who left his impress upon many lives, and witnessed for his Lord by works and words.

May it be given to us to walk as he walked and to know his reward.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF TORONTO, CANADA.

At a largely attended meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association, held last week, the attention of the brethren was called to the report of the sudden death of your father, the Rev. Francis H. Marling, D.D., of New York, who had been for many years pastor of one of our city churches. Testimonials were borne to his character and work as a faithful Minister of the Gospel, as exhibiting a fine Catholic spirit, and as taking a deep and active interest in all religious and philanthropic movements ; and it was unanimously agreed that the undersigned should be appointed to convey to the family of Dr. Marling an expression of the deep sympathy of the Association with them in their bereavement. This we now do, praying that the God of all consolation may comfort you in your great trial and at the same time rejoicing in the assurance that to our departed fellow laborer sudden death was sudden glory, and that he is now reunited with his beloved wife and others of his kindred who have fallen asleep in Jesus, and above all that he is in the immediate presence of the Saviour whom he served so faithfully and so long.

We are yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

WILLIAM GREGG, D.D.

H. F. THOMAS, M.A.,

Sec. Tor. Ministerial Association.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE FOURTEENTH
STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
OF NEW YORK.

God in His wisdom and love has called to Himself the Rev. Francis H. Marling, D.D., pastor of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church from 1875 to 1887. The members of this church, assembled in a special Memorial Service, desire to put on record an expression of their grateful appreciation of the abiding influence of his noble character and loving ministry. The few now remaining with the church who were privileged to be under his faithful pastoral ministrations still hold him in tender memory: all are grateful for the deep and prayerful interest in the church which he maintained up to the end of his life, and for the wise and valued counsel and assistance which he delighted to give whenever called upon. This church has been signally honored in the ministerial labors and in the inspiration of the strong and beautiful Christian life of Dr. Marling, and would return grateful thanks to Almighty God for these rich blessings.

It is directed that these minutes be entered upon the Sessional Records of this church, and a copy sent to the family of Dr. Marling.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF EMMANUEL CON-
GREGATIONAL CHURCH, MONTREAL,
CANADA.

At a meeting of the officers of Emmanuel Church, the following resolution was unanimously carried amid expressions of appreciation and warmest sympathy: "We, the officers of Emmanuel Church, have regretfully heard of the sudden death of the Rev. Francis H. Marling, D.D., a former pastor of this church, and desire to place on record our high appreciation of his character as a man and minister of the gospel. His memory will be cherished here by his many acts of kindness and by his earnestness in striving to help men and encourage them to live the Christian life." It was further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the family of Dr. Marling.

A. R. GRAFTON,
Sec. Emmanuel Church.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE YOUNG
MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF
THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

At the meeting of our Board of Directors, on Monday evening last, the death of the Rev. F. H. Marling, D.D., your honored father, was announced. A resolution was at once placed upon the minutes referring to his early association with the Young Men's Christian Association on this continent—he being the Chairman of the preliminary committee named for the purpose of draw-

ing up the Constitution and By-laws and submitting a plan of organization to the meeting held on November 25, 1851, when the first Association on this continent was organized. Afterward he became the Honorary Secretary of the Association. He also continued his interest in the Association during his entire residence in this city.

The Directors also request that I should convey to you the action they had taken in this matter, and assure you of the very high regard in which your honored father was held by all those who knew him in this city, and also throughout Canada, and their appreciation of the service which he has rendered for the advancement of the Kingdom of God in this land.

Yours faithfully,

D. A. BUDGE,

Secretary.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE FIRST
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF
ELIZABETH, N. J.

The Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has learned with deep grief of the startlingly sudden death of Dr. Marling, who for the greater part of the year 1892 was acting pastor of this church. He came to us during the prolonged illness and enforced absence of the pastor, at a time of special religious interest leading up to and growing out of revival services held in our own sacred edifice, and participated in by all the evangelical churches. The occasion required the most sterling Christian character

and the highest faculties of God's endowment. Right nobly did Dr. Marling meet the test. By his patience, his gentleness, his courtesy, his unfailing tact, his earnest, simple Gospel preaching, his richness in saving common sense, and his manifest but unobtrusive piety, he won the hearts of this people, and rendered essential and enduring services to this church, which will be held ever in loving and grateful remembrance. He walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.

By order of Session,

JOHN E. STUCHELL,

Moderator.

IRA B. WHEELER,

Stated Clerk.

MEMORIAL MINUTE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

At the last prayer-meeting of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church, I was by vote formally directed to write you telling how greatly we all loved and respected your father. He not only preached for us on Sundays, but in his own way found out those who were sick and troubled, and literally became one of us, so that his death in this little place is felt as a personal bereavement. You and all the members of your family have our loving sympathy in this great affliction.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR J. LOCKWOOD,

Clerk of the Church.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

“We all have sustained a loss—the whole Presbytery, the whole church of our Lord in this city. . . . He was invariably kind, sympathetic, attentive to his younger brethren, interested in everything that was proposed for the good of the church, unwearied in effort, broad in sympathy and view. . . . While he might have rested on his long and devoted labors, he did not rest, but held himself ready to respond to every call, even to go to the humblest place, if only he could further the work of the Master.”

“Mrs. — and I feel a personal grief because of dear Dr. Marling’s death. He had completely won our hearts by his beautiful spirit, his genial and courtly bearing. . . . He was a noble example of all that a Christian minister should be. I am but one among multitudes who feel stricken and impoverished by this bereavement.”

“I know of few ministers who have been held in such general and cordial respect by their associates in the sacred office, and by the Christian public, especially in the Presbyterian Church. He was always conspicuous for the wisdom that belonged to his nature and long experience, by his gentleness and tolerance, his interest in all the affairs of our churches, and his readiness to help in any possible form or time; by his soundness in doctrine without dogmatism or narrowness, and everywhere by his beaming and benevolent face.”

“Few men in New York were more honored and respected and few will be more sincerely and personally missed. There is something beautiful about his death, to be struck down in the full vigor of his power and on his way to his accustomed work, is surely the way which he would have chosen for himself. Many not known to his family had come to feel for him

a reverence and affection almost filial. No one whom I have known breathed more constantly the spirit of Christ and lifted me more surely to the atmosphere of spiritual things. It is such lives which make faith in the life to come easy."

"He was so loving and genial and kindly and gentle and at the same time so strong in his convictions and in his intellectual life. The Christian community has lost a rare soul in losing him, for wherever he was, he was doing good and living his Master's life."

"He had a warm place in his big, generous heart for young men in the ministry. We always felt better for being in his presence. He was a sermon in shoes. His cultured face, always so serene, could light up with almost a heavenly glory. I know of no single man in the New York Presbytery who carried with him a more lasting and effective influence. He was an uncrowned king in the hearts of men."

"You have a host of friends to sympathize with you, for no minister in our Presbytery was more highly esteemed and deeply loved than your father. True gold he was, refined and purified, so that all recognized in him a very exceptional Christ-likeness of character. We all loved him and honored him for what he was, and for what he has done in this world. What a precious memory you have of one who always walked in the path of the upright. More precious is this legacy than thousands of gold and silver."

SERMON *

Pray without ceasing—1 Thessalonians 5 : 17

It is a remarkable group of exhortations by Paul to his beloved Thessalonians, in the midst of which this text occurs ; so vital in their substance, so terse in their expression, a poetical rhythm in their very form, and every one aimed straight at a definite mark.

“ Rejoice evermore.

“ Pray without ceasing.

“ In everything give thanks.

“ Quench not the Spirit.

“ Despise not prophesyings.

“ Prove all things.

“ Hold fast that which is good.

“ Abstain from all appearance of evil.”

The Apostle must have felt that they were among “ the wise,” to whom “ a word was enough.”

The particular precept which we have now selected is one that may need some explanation as well as enforcement.

“ Pray without ceasing ! ” methinks I hear some one say,—“ What ! are we to do nothing else ? must we spend all our time in private, or domestic, or social, or public prayer ? may we take none for study, business, housework, family, society, and only a very little for food or rest ? can I speak only to God and not to my fellow-men ? ”

To ask these questions is at the same time to an-

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swer them. Every one can see the absurdity of such an idea of life. Absurd as it is, however, there have been misguided souls, terribly in earnest nevertheless, who have sought to make their lives one prolonged act of devotion; retiring from human companionship, abjuring all family ties, renouncing property, withdrawing from citizenship, dwelling in the cave of a hermit or the cell of a monk, eating, drinking, and wearing of the plainest, breaking in upon the very night with prayers, and spending the whole of every day in praise and supplication, reading or meditation. We, who live in an age so very rational and unenthusiastic, in *religious* matters, may pity and ridicule these monastics;—but surely there is something in their sincerity and self-sacrifice that should also command from us a certain respect, while we hold that their conception of a Christian's life on earth is utterly mistaken.

There is a short answer to that imaginary interpretation of our text which we have overheard. *Who wrote it?* The Apostle Paul. And Paul was of all men the most truthful, transparent, and manly. He was not one to lay upon his brethren at Thessalonica a yoke that he did not first wear upon his own shoulders. He would not stir them up to a pitch of religious exercise which he did not himself attain, or at least strive after. But did Paul lead a monkish life? did he do nothing but pray all the day long? You know that he was one of the busiest of men, a great traveller, an incessant teacher, a founder and builder-up of churches, everywhere and always telling of

Christ, seeking men out, addressing the highest and the lowest, a man of many friends, abounding in speech, conducting a large correspondence, and training others to carry forward his work;—while, as he reminds the Thessalonians in this very letter, he “labored night and day” at his trade as a tent-maker, “because he would not be chargeable unto any of them.” This man of God was a man of affairs as well.

But we may go still higher. Not Paul alone, but Paul’s Master, his and our perfect Example, did not spend all His time in prayer. Even in the retirement of His preparatory stage of life at Nazareth, He earned by daily labor for daily bread the honorable title of “The Carpenter.” When He entered on his office as a prophet, He worked so hard among the people all the day, that He had to steal the hours of night from sleep in order to pray.

But if this be so, what becomes of the command, “*Pray without ceasing*”? There must be a mistake somewhere. The command cannot be wrong: for it comes from an inspired Apostle. But *we* may very easily be wrong in our *interpretation* of it.

It all turns upon our understanding of the word—“*Pray*.” What is it, to pray? When we have thoroughly mastered that, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how we may, and why we ought to, “pray without ceasing.”

The objection or enquiry which we encountered at the outset, you will see, was founded upon the idea that prayer consisted only in *direct calling upon God*

in words. But there is no distinction more evident or more necessary than that between "*saying prayers*" and "praying." There is undoubtedly a great deal of sincere and acceptable praying through the saying of prayers. It is good to teach little children to say their prayers. Though they often say them carelessly, yet often they have a very real sense of calling upon God. But there is also, on the one hand, a vast amount of saying prayers that is not true praying; and on the other, of true praying apart from the saying of prayers.

God said to Israel by Isaiah, "Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me: your new moons and sabbaths and calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. . . . And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: *your hands are full of blood.*" Our Lord warns against being like the "hypocrites" of His day, who "loved to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men." In these cases there was much saying of prayers, but no praying.

Amongst many professed followers of Christ, to this day, the saying of so many "*Ave Marias*" and "*Paternosters*," as a requisite for obtaining favors, or as a penance for sin, is gone through in the most mechanical style, with the aid of the beads of a rosary, the tongue rattling over the formula, the eyes meanwhile wandering everywhither, and the heart having no share in

the performance. Indeed, sometimes, one votary undertakes, for a remuneration in money, to say so many prescribed prayers for another, who is too busy or too lazy to say them for himself! This idea takes the very consistent, if very absurd form, in Thibet, of attaching written prayers to the arms of a little windmill, something like a child's whirligig, it being supposed that, every time it goes round, the petitions so written are carried away on the wings of the wind to the Grand Llama, who represents the Deity. In this ingenious device, we have mere saying prayers carried out to full perfection. We may laugh at it, but this praying by wind-power is just as real and as acceptable to God as the thoughtless and heartless repetition of never so sacred forms by our own lips, in public or in private.

Let us not think that Pharisees, Papists and Buddhists alone are guilty of this empty mockery of a heart-searching God. In the pulpit, in the Sunday School, in the prayer-meeting, at the family altar, in our private devotions, there *may be* the use of very becoming forms of service, the right words uttered in reverent tones and befitting postures,—but no prayer. There *is* much real prayer, under these conditions; but it is quite possible to have the husk without the kernel. Our habit of “extemporaneous” prayer, so called, does not protect us from this danger. Multitudes of Christians pray most devoutly in the use of ancient forms, as much as we do in singing favourite hymns; and we can easily glide into the use of forms of our own, usually much inferior to those in written liturgies, but capable of quite as formal a use. Oh for perfect genuineness and sin-

cerity in all our devotions, said or sung, and the ceasing from all solemn shams, so hateful to God, so deceiving, or at best so useless, to man ! “God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

Then the question recurs, If to say prayers is not always to pray, what *is* prayer ? “Prayer is the offering up of our desires to God, for things agreeable to His will, in the name of Jesus Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of His mercies.” So says the Shorter Catechism, with its usual clearness, conciseness, and comprehensiveness. I once heard from a French pastor a still briefer definition, combining the precision and simplicity that characterize many of the religious writers of his nation, —“Prayer is *the look of the heart to God.*” Montgomery sings,

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.”

And Paul himself, describing the highest kind of prayer, “praying in the Holy Ghost,” says, “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with *groanings*

which cannot be uttered. And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, that He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." The truest, deepest, most inspired prayer may transcend all words.

All these statements agree in setting forth prayer as a function of the inner rather than of the outer man;—not consisting in genuflexions, prostrations, crossings, words, tones and looks, but in a condition of the heart. In the old Roman Breviary, the manual of daily devotion for every priest,—and one is glad to find it there, a relic of a purer time, not altogether lost, let us hope, amidst later corruptions,—there is a Latin hymn, thus rendered into English,

"O sinner, bring not tears alone,
Nor outward forms of prayer;
But let it in thine heart be known,
That penitence is there.
To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend
In true humility."

It is this prayer within the soul that gives all its value to the prayer that comes from the lips. Take the heart away from it, and the most "appropriate" prayer, uttered with the most fitting "expression," is to God, whatever it may be to man, "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." But let there be, according to our definitions, "desires of the heart," "the look of the heart," "the soul's sincere desire," even the inarticulate "groaning" of a soul panting with some great

want it knows not how to express,—and there is prayer, prayer that reaches the heart and moves the hand of God, though not a word be spoken. “Just *think* to God,” said one who was comforting a sufferer so weak that he could not so much as utter a sentence of prayer, “Just *think* to God.”

And now, cannot we see how it is possible to obey the exhortation in the text, to “pray without ceasing,” without living a hermit’s life, but taking our full share of the work of the world in which God has placed us?

“I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side.”

The French pastor’s “look of the heart” describes not so much an occasional and momentary *act*, as a constant *attitude*. It includes:

First. A *looking away* from ourselves. “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not on thine own understanding.” These two go together. Our first and natural impulse is to depend upon ourselves. It is a great lesson learned, when we have discovered that our judgment is fallible, our will not omnipotent, our goodness not without a flaw. Very true is the inspired paradox, “Happy is the man that feareth always.”—

Second. A *looking away from other human help*. Next to ourselves, we naturally lean upon our friends. And very great, manifold and precious is the help they give us, every day of our lives. But they are limited

in their powers, they remove, they die, they change. They cannot help us in our supremest wants, those that pertain to the life to come.—

Third. *A dependence on God.* He can help us, and He alone. Unless He interpose, we are undone. But with Him are infinite resources, of every kind. “My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Where we are weakest, He is mightiest. His power extends over all “the life that now is, and that which is to come.” The sense of this dependence wrings forth Peter’s prayer, “Lord, save me, I perish !”—

Fourth. *Expectation from God.* This is a very necessary element in prayer. “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” “According to your faith be it unto you.” It is not enough to know ourselves to be weak, to turn away despairingly from human helpers, and to know that only God *can* grant us what we need ;—we must expect that God *will*, and that, not merely because our need is so great, but because He is so good, and especially, because He has promised so to do.

This “look of the heart to God” applies to everything, to earthly things as much as to heavenly, to the body as much as to the soul. Therefore it needs to be the invariable posture of the soul, not assumed at certain periods, dropped, and resumed when the appointed time comes round again, but as habitual, (sometimes almost as unconscious,) as the beating of the heart and the breathing of the lungs. Yet this constant looking does not exclude or dispense with regular seasons of

more express devotion, like David's "evening, morning and noon," Daniel's "three times a day," and so on. Those who mingle prayer with all their lives, most feel the need of fixed times when they do nothing but pray. They will also practise frequent ejaculatory prayer, that is, as the epithet signifies, prayer swiftly shot, like an arrow, up to heaven, at the moment of some special emergency. A beautiful example is that of Nehemiah. "Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request? *So I prayed unto the God of heaven.* And I said unto the king, If it please the king—" and then he presented his petition. In the moment between the king's question and his own answer, Nehemiah ejaculated this petition for the help of God, and the prayer was heard. The king granted his request, and sent him back to Jerusalem with full powers to rebuild the city.

The character into which we are transformed, when we become Christians, is described by our Lord as "becoming little children." We receive "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!" Accordingly, we can often find in children the truest symbols of the Christian life. Thus, a little child has a continual sense—though often unconscious—of its dependence upon its mother; is at rest in her presence, troubled when she goes away. Yet, that little one loves to climb up in the mother's lap for a time of love and laughter and talk. And if any danger comes, how swift the rush to the safe haven of the mother's arms! Is it not thus between our Heavenly Father and His children; they are all the time looking to Him

for everything, yet having their special times of nearer communion, and fleeing to Him from any sudden peril. This is a good deal like prayer "without ceasing," and the keeping of "the hour of prayer."

When we bear in mind the innumerable *subjects* and *occasions* of prayer, we can see that nothing less than "prayer without ceasing" will include them. *Ourselves*, in our twofold nature, and our manifold wants; our *friends*, with their diversified requirements; *all men*, everywhere,—what a boundless field for intercession! The heart needs to be always open heavenward, and to be sending up its desires like the waters of an ever-flowing fountain.

But what must *the life* be, to inspire such perpetual prayer? No wonder, when that is selfish and sordid, that we do not pray at all, or pray seldom, hurriedly, and formally, rather driven by conscience to a duty than drawn by the affections to a privilege. The child that is happy and free in the mother's presence is the loving and dutiful child. The disobedient one hides away, has nothing to say, and is afraid to hear.

"Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments."

"Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

“ Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

“ Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
Ev'n then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

“ Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer !
When thou dost pine in sadness,
On Him who saveth, call ;
And ever, in thy gladness,
Thank Him who gave thee all.”

